Fox in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog in madneſſe, Lyon in prey, let not the creeking of ſhooes, nor the ruſtlings of ſilkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke, and defie the foule fiend, ſtill through the hathorne blowes the colde winde, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, ceaſe let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anſwer with thy vncouered body this extremity of the skies; is man no more but this? conſider him well, thou oweſt the worme no ſilke, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wooll, the cat no perfume, he'rs three ones are ſophiſticated, thou art the thing it ſelfe, vnaccomodated man is no more but ſuch a poore bare forked Animal as thou art, off, off you leadings, come on be true.

Foole. Prithee Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to ſwim in, now a little fire in a wilde field, were like an old lechers heart, a ſmall ſparke, all the reſt in body colde, looke here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloceſter.

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sirberdegibit*, he begins at curfue, and walks till the firſt cocke, he gins the web, the pinqueuer the eye, and makes the hart lip, mildewes the white wheate, & hurts the poore creature of earth, ſwithald footed thrice the olde anelthu night Moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Whoſe there? what iſt you ſeeke?

Gloſt. What are you there? your names.

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eates the ſwimming frog, the toade, the toade pold, the wall-wort, and the water, that in the fruite of his heart, when the foule fiend rages,
Eates cowdung for ſallets, ſwallowes the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinkes the greene mantle of the ſtanding poole, who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſht and impriſoned, who hath had three ſutes to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to weare.

But

But Mice and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Deere,
Hath beene *Toms* food for ſeuen long yeare.
Beware my follower, peace ſnulbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloſt. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darknes is a Gentleman, *modo* hee's called, and ma hu——

Gloſt. Our fleſh and bloud is growne ſo vilde my Lord, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a colde.

Gloſt. Go in with me, my duty cannot ſuffer to obey in al your daughters hard commands, though their iniunction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come ſeeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher;
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer, go into the houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this moſt learned *Theban*; what is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin to vnſetle.

Gloſt. Canſt thou blame him?
His daughters ſeeke his death. O that good *Kent*,
He ſaid it would be thus, poore baniſht man,
Thou ſaiſt the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend,
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe; I had a ſonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud, he ſought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend,
No father his ſonne dearer, truth to tell thee,
The greefe has craz'd my wits.
What a night's this? I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Gloſt In fellow there, into th'houell, keepe thee warme.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent.